CENTENNIAL

CELEBRATION

OF

MANCHESTER, N. H.

JUNE 13, 1810--1910

BY THE

MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION

"The key of Yesterday I threw away,
And now, too late,
Before To-morrow's close-locked gate
Helpless I stand--in vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of Yesterday unlocks To-morrow!"

MANCHESTER, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT
1910

From a Painting by J. Warren Thyng

HALL TAVERN

Where the First Town Meeting Was Held, September 20, 1751

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INTRODUCTION

At the annual meeting of the Manchester Historic Association held in their rooms, No. 64 Hanover Street, January 5, 1910, G. Waldo Browne, Chairman of the Publication Committee, referred to the fact that this was the centennial year of Manchester, it having received that name in exchange for its old title of Derryfield on June 13, 1810, by act of the legislature. It seemed eminently fitting, therefore, that either the city in its official capacity or the Association, should the municipal body not feel disposed to do so, observe with appropriate exercises that important anniversary. Mr. Browne then moved that a committee be chosen to confer with the city officials relative to the matter at an adjourned meeting. The motion prevailed, and ex-Mayor Edgar J. Knowlton, G. Waldo Browne, Fred W. Lamb, President Isaac Huse and Secretary Frank W. Sargeant were chosen as a committee.

The committee thus elected presented the subject to the members of the city government, and though two thousand dollars had been appropriated for that purpose, that body did not think it advisable to undertake a celebration. Accordingly the Association voted unanimously to arrange for suitable exercises and a literary entertainment in the city hall on the evening of June 13. A special committee on the centennial celebration was then chosen, consisting of President Huse, William P. Farmer, Fred W. Lamb, Miss Mary Bell Willson and George Waldo Browne.

This committee immediately began work and, if handicapped in the want of funds, it was able to present what was unanimously consided a very successful order of entertainment. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags and butting, the decorations being in charge of William P. Farmer. Back of the stage, forming a fine centre piece for the red, white and blue streamers, was a huge portrait of that stern old hero of two wars, Gen. John Stark, looking calmly down upon the representatives of the present Manchester through the eyes of a century gone. The presiding officer's desk was draped with silk flags, and the walls were a mass of the national emblems festooning doors and windows with their beautiful and appropriate folds.

The *Daily Mirror*, in its account of the celebration, says: "With superb decorations, excellent speaking, good music and an entertaining way of setting out historical facts, the Manchester Historic Association conducted a meeting last evening in the city hall for the general public which will go on record as one of the most successful gatherings of its kind ever held in Manchester. While the hall was filled, the exercises deserved a larger hall and the attendance of thousands." The weather was fair, as if nature was in sympathy with the work, and nothing occurred to mar the success of the event.

From a Rare Painting by Col. John B. Bachelder

AMOSKEAG FALLS IN 1855

PROGRAM

SONG
1. "Cradle Song" . . . . . *W. Taubert*
2. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" *Old English Song*

PUPILS OF WEBSTER-STREET SCHOOL
Under Direction of Master John Gault

INTRODUCTORY

PRESIDENT ISAAC HUSE

ADDRESS . . . . . "The Honor of Old Derryfield"

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

SONG . . . . . "The Hymns of the Old Church Choir"

HARLAND DAVIS

ORATION . . . . . "Manchester: Then and Now"

HON. EDWIN F. JONES

POEM . . . . . "A Tribute to This Day"

NELLIE M. BROWNE

SONG, "The Spacious Firmament on High," *From Creation*

PUPILS OF WEBSTER-STREET SCHOOL
Under Direction of Master John Gault

ADDRESS . . . . . "The Ideal City"

REV. WILLIAM H. MORRISON

OFFICERS FOR 1910

PRESIDENT
ISAAC HUSE

VICE-PRESIDENTS
JOHN DOWST Col. GEORGE C. GILMORE

TREASURER
HARRY T. LORD

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
G. WALDO BROWNE

RECORDING SECRETARY
FRANK W. SARGEANT

LIBRARIAN
FRED W. LAMB

HISTORIOGRAPHER
FRANK M. FRISSELLE

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Dr. C. B. STURTEVANT J. G. ELLINWOOD
W. P. FARMER Capt. DAVID PERKINS
G. WALDO BROWNE

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
G. WALDO BROWNE C. B. SPOFFORD
W. E. DODGE E. J. KNOWLTON
Miss MARY B. WILLSON

SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
ISAAC HUSE W. P. FARMER
FRED W. LAMB G. WALDO BROWNE
Miss MARY BELL WILLSON

CENTENNIAL OF MANCHESTER, N. H.

AMOSKEAG FALLS

"'Tis said that Power is the soul of our river,
Plunging down from the gulfs and glooms,
Of its mountain valleys to fall in splendor,
Or drive the belts of the myriad looms."

HALL, SHOWING DECORATIONS

Centennial of Manchester, N. H.

JUNE 13, 1810-1910

Previous to the opening of the exercises, Miss Sylvia W. Lamb rendered selections upon the piano, and promptly at eight o'clock, on the evening of June 13, President Huse called the gathering to order, when the program was opened by an invocation by Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, D. D. The invocation by Dr. Lockhart was followed with songs by the pupils of the Webster-Street school, under the direction of the master, Mr. John Gault:

1. "Cradle Song," W. Taubert.
2. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," Old English Song.

The President then introduced Mr. Fred W. Lamb, Librarian, who read the following letters:

MILFORD, N. H., June 11, 1910.

Mr. I. Huse, Manchester:

MY DEAR MR. HUSE,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of your beautiful city.

I regret that my previous engagements are such as to forbid me the pleasure.

Trusting you may have a pleasant and profitable meeting, and thanking you for your kind and thoughtful invitation, I remain,

Most truly yours,

C. C. SHAW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8, 1910.

To the Manchester Historic Association:

I have received your invitation to attend the exercises in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Manchester, to be held in city hall,

June 13, 1910, with sincere gratification, and only regret that I am unable to be present on that interesting and historic occasion.

No city in America is a more wonderful demonstration of the innate force of the social, economic and political institutions of our country, and of the wisdom and sturdy virtues of its founders and builders. She is our most cosmopolitan city, with the exception of New York; and it will be found difficult to specify a race, creed or nationality, or a single problem of modern civilization, which is not to be found in our dear Queen City, enthroned on the banks and hills of the Merrimack, beautiful for situation and the pride of the incomparable Old Granite State.

The past is secure. Let us address ourselves to the duties before us so that, as we venerate the Fathers, we, with them, may be honorably remembered on the recurrence of this anniversary at the end of the century to come.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY W. BLAIR.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HENRY B. QUINBY, GOVERNOR

CONCORD, N. H., June 11, 1910.

Mr. Fred W. Lamb, Manchester:

DEAR SIR,—Your kind invitation for the 13th is received, but, I regret to say, my engagements will prevent my being present.

Very truly,

HENRY B. QUINBY.

TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER, ENG.

JUNE 2, 1910.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your interesting letter of the 18th May, informing me that one hundred years ago your town adopted the name of Manchester in the hope that it would attain a position of importance in manufactures and population, has given me great pleasure and I trust that your Centenary proceedings will prove a great success.

Your expressions of goodwill towards us are much appreciated and reciprocated.

I am, yours faithfully,

CHARLES BEHRENS,
Lord Mayor.

Isaac Huse, Esq., President Manchester Historical Association. Manchester, New Hampshire.

ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT HUSE

Ladies and Gentlemen:—One hundred years ago to-day, the name of our city (then a town) was changed from Derryfield to Manchester. We meet to-night to celebrate the event, and the audience before me testifies that all of us are not so absorbed in business or pleasure but that we are mindful of the past and of those who have gone before us.

This celebration had its inception in the minds of the officers and members of the Manchester Historic Association, and in their efforts to fittingly note the event they have had the sympathy and assistance of many others. A literary and musical program will be presented this evening by some of our public school children and prominent men, who will portray the virtues of our fathers and show us the wonderful changes which have taken place in one hundred years.

Just a few words about our Association are fitting. It was organized fifteen years ago by those who realized the extreme value of well kept records of the past. Almost all who then entered into the association were those who had ancestry in this or neighboring towns. It was founded in memory of their fathers, and will continue to exist, to care for the records and memorials of you, who are here present, if you and your children have the same filial regard that has been shown by those who were the organizers and supporters of this Association.

One hundred years ago the inhabitants of this Derryfield were either the descendants of the English Puritans of Massachusetts, or were the children of the Scotch-Irish who settled in what is now Derry and Londonderry. These two races have now become one, and we cannot tell one from another, except by the surname. Within the last half-century other, and many peoples and races have come to us and, in the course of events, these, too, will be as one.

We have such a firm belief in the efficacy of American institutions, that we firmly believe the celebration of the next centennial of Manchester will be just as patriotically observed. We deem it safe to prophesy that, if the friends and citizens of Manchester will take due interest in our Association, it will, in the future, care for the records of our present time, that will, all too soon, be in the past.

It may have seemed to the citizens of 1810 a wild prediction of Samuel Blodget, when he said that the falls of the Merrimack would cause a rude hamlet to become a city like the Manchester of England. We, here, this evening, are fully aware that he had the eye of a seer. Manchester has developed by leaps and bounds.

The speakers of the evening will show you in forceful and vivid language the olden times and the changes to the present, but it will be perfectly proper for me to call your attention to one thing. We are not to listen to descriptions of scenes and places in foreign lands, but of the very spot where we go about our daily tasks. Some in this room had ancestors who were directly concerned in the changing of the name from Derryfield to Manchester. Many others had fathers who saw the changing of barren pine plains to a hustling city.

The roads that we drive over were laid out by our fathers; over these the troops marched to Bunker Hill, and to recruit the armies of new-born states in years that followed; the waters of the Merrimack roared and foamed over the same rocks that we see; the Uncanoonucs were then the same watch towers in the west; Lake Massabesic lay then, as now, in the snug recesses of the Auburn and Manchester woods; the Cohas wound its way through woods and meadows to the Merrimack; over all, the bright and sunny sky of June, and the bitter winds of winter. In and about these scenes we see, in imagination, the ox teams winding their slow way winter and summer over the same roads that we travel in carriage and automobile; the blazing fires of the huge fireplaces have disappeared, and in their

OLD DERRYFIELD MEETING HOUSE

OLD SCHOOL HOUSE IN DERRYFIELD

places we have the unpoetic stove and furnace; the spinning-wheel and the loom were in the corner where now stands the piano; the tallow candle was used where now we use the electric light.

If we can picture in our minds the times of long ago, we shall doubly enjoy the addresses which will follow.

I now, with pleasure, introduce the first speaker of the evening. He is well known to you as the author of numerous literary works. He has been the editor of all the publications of the Association, and a large part of its success has been due to him.

Mr. George Waldo Browne will address you on the subject, "In Honor of Old Derryfield."

IN HONOR OF OLD DERRYFIELD

Mr. President, Members of the Manchester Historic Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The history of our little commonwealth naturally divides itself into three parts: The period of the pioneer; the period of the patriot; the period of the manufacturer. The story of the first begins among the traditions of a debatable ground, when the drumbeats of Namaske kept ceaseless time to the subdued melody of the aged forest and the stealthy tread of moccasined feet; the story of the second period begins amid the tangled records of a nameless territory, where the shadow of the Amerind lingered and the gaunt wolf still lurked; the third begins with the roll and rumble of the factory wheel and is woven in the fabric of mill and mart. The first is a tale that is told, a romance that loses itself on the borderland of history; the last merges in the realities of to-day. Mine is the task to speak briefly of the interval between, known by the euphonious name of "Old Derryfield."

Among some of the races of the earth it has been the custom to take on new names at different periods to denote the action of the existing phase of life. These changes

are always made with wonderful fidelity to the spirit of the contemporary interval. It has been something like this with our good old township. Originally its furious rapids, then treble the volume and violence of to-day, wrung from the dusky browed beholders the gutteral exclamation *Kaskonshadi*, "place of broken waters!" Upon closer association and better acquaintance with its resources, they came to know it as *Namasket*, "great place for fish." In the twilight of tradition, the whites came and named the country "Nutfield." Anon a rival people penetrating hither called it "Tyng's Township," in honor of the veteran leader of the snow-shoe scouts. Falling from the grace of these godfathers, it became known by the derisive epithet of "Old Harry's Town." Outliving this inglorious title, and becoming the heart of a new township, it was christened "Derryfield," on closer association called "Old Derryfield." Still the end was not reached and, entering upon a career of greater prosperity, it took on the more pretentious, if borrowed, patronymic of Manchester.

The term "Old Derryfield" does not imply either pity or ridicule, as one might at first think. Incorporated September 3, 1751, disbarred June 13, 1810, it was less than three-score years of age, and had barely laid the foundation for civic usefulness, when called upon to surrender its title. The name is not applied with tenderness, as we might address one who is frail and deserving of sympathy, for the sturdy, uncompromising character of her people has become an example. What then is meant by this suggestive prefix? I think it must be reverence—reverence for the loyal women and patriotic men who hewed out of the dark background of their environments the window of freedom to let in the light of progress and prosperity in which we stand to-day.

In as few words as possible, I am to tell you of some of the deeds they performed; some of the duties that fell to their fortune; some of the milestones they set along the pathway of human events. In the few minutes given me, I cannot do justice to them or their work.

The three-score years of Old Derryfield cover the most momentous events in the history of our town, state and country. They cover the period of the French and Indian War, which, after a century of conflict, brought peace and freedom from a foe that had never slept; they cover the seven years and more that tried men's souls and won the independence of the thirteen colonies; they cover the time of the anxious awakening of the colonists to the possibilities of religious faith, educational advantages and industrial reward; they mark the beginning of progress and development of the resources of the Merrimack valley, and have founded the story that is to follow mine.

The charter of Old Derryfield contained about thirty-five square miles of territory made up of a corner of Chester, a slice of Londonderry and three miles of sand dunes facetiously styled "Old Harry's Town," the loaf leavened with the hitherto ungranted privileges of Amoskeag Falls. The inhabitants then numbered less than three hundred, and were mainly located at the mouth of the Cohas brook, around the Falls, the vicinity of Massabesic and the section now known to us as "The Centre."

If few in numbers, these inhabitants were about evenly divided into distinct factions. One consisted of Scotch-Irish, so called, the vanguard of whom had come to fish at the falls as early as 1719, and a little later had pushed this way as settlers. Following closely upon their heels were the descendants of colonists who had come to New England nearly a hundred years before, from western England, and who had settled at the falls of Cohas and Amoskeag, by virtue of a grant made by Massachusetts to Capt. William Tyng's snow-shoe men, in April, 1735. Difference in the source of their rights as settlers; difference in religious sentiments; in racial characteristics; difference in the teachings of home and family and all that was dear to them, made these two parties intense rivals. This rivalry not only disturbed the peace but hindered progress.

Again this territory became debatable ground, and

here was fought through the bitter animosities of misguided leaders the boundary war between the colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Claiming a strip of country three miles along the eastern bank of the Merrimack River, the lower province, in April, 1735, granted this tract to some of its soldiers in the Indian wars, and this band of men who enjoyed the distinction of being Captain Tyng's snow-shoe scouts undertook its settlement. Then followed six years of earnest contention. Their rights disputed by the Scotch, who thought to hold it by a title from New Hampshire, for six years the struggle waxed and waned. The Massachusetts men built the first meeting-house in the Merrimack valley above Lowell, they erected a saw-mill, they cleared their lots in the wilderness, they builded homes, they defended their common interests stubbornly, until in May, 1741, the courts decided against them or, rather, the courts that had granted them these homesteads proved unable to sustain their jurisdiction. Despoiled of their homes, the handful of disappointed planters departed, except those who paid for the privileges they had already dearly earned.

With the annulment of the grant of Tyng Township, the Londonderry colonists failing to hold their title here, Old Harry's Town became no man's land, without government, without civil protection. Hither came from near-by and far away adventurous spirits to fish in the waters of Amoskeag, aggressive, non-compromising, the foremost the victor, the last the vanquished in many a hotly contested quarrel for individual supremacy. A decade of this lawless condition, and order was brought out of chaos by the incorporation, September 3, 1751, of the township of Derryfield, which should have been christened Amoskeag for once and always.

Almost before the officers of the new township had become acquainted with their recent power, news of another outbreak upon the part of the French and Indians awoke the province to the fact that their safety was again in

From a Painting by CHAPPELL

FALL OF WOLFE

Showing Col. William Stark, One of Four Supporting the Dying Commander

jeopardy. Though the base of action this time was removed from the Merrimack valley, it was the men from this vicinity,and largely from Old Derryfield, who led in the seven years of conflict. In anticipation of this struggle, a body of men had been trained in the tactics of forest warfare, and scarcely had the alarm been given when Rogers' Rangers were found in the thick of the fight. Foremost among these was that tutor of woodcraft, John Goffe, already the hero of two wars. Side by side with Rogers, the chieftain, who might have claimed his home here, were the Stark brothers, William, John and Archibald; Samuel Blodget, of Louisburg fame, whose life-story is more closely connected with that of our own history than any other, was there to give his history of the battle of Lake George. There, too, were Samuel Moore, Major John Moore, the Knight of Old Derryfield, from Goffe's Falls, both tried and true; Nathaniel and John Martin, valiant defenders of home and country. Nor can we forget gallant John Pollard, or cease to remember the martyr, John McKeen, who died at the torture stake. And this list, all of whom were from Old Derryfield, comprises only a small portion of the heroes who shouldered their queen's arm muskets and went with Rogers to stem the tide of French invasion upon the shore of the storied Horicon. Ay, remove this sturdy band of patriots from the war-roll of that stirring period, and the banner of King George, in spite of his trained soldiery, the flower of the Old World army, would have been trampled under the feet of Montcalm and his dusky allies, and New England would have been New France.

The victory secured at home, Col. William Stark, a son of Old Derryfield, and captain of the Rangers, was sent at the head of the New Hampshire regiment to aid Abercrombie in the second reduction of that stronghold of French power, Louisburg. Successful there, the New England warriors of the wilderness, whom General Wolfe thought proper to distinguish as the Royal Americans,

were added to the British forces in their campaign against the Rock of the St. Lawrence, Quebec. In close association with the commander, throughout that arduous and desperate attack, Colonel Stark and his brave comrades were among those who climbed to deathless glory upon the Plains of Abraham. Our own Stark was one of the four to bear the dying conqueror away from the storm of leaden hail, and who stood by him as he rallied at the cry: "They run!" "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, rallying. "The French!" "Then I die content," declared the sinking warrior.

With less than fifty men fit for military duties, Derryfield had more than half that number in active service throughout that sanguinary struggle, and every man a hero. What town can show so proud a record? Not one in all the provinces to equal it.

I need not dwell upon the decade that followed—ten years and more of the marshalling of civil forces, the framing of laws to govern them in peaceful pursuits, the difference of opinions that always predominated in spite of honest purpose. You cannot wonder if these battle-scarred, war-trained veterans stood stubbornly each for what he believed to be his unalienable rights, even if he erred at times in judgment, until those years were stamped with uncompromising discord, but never darkened with disloyalty to truth, home and God. Natures so dissimilar could not be assimilated in one generation. Religious thought had not yet been chastened with the rod of reason; education had not awakened to the broader path of enlightenment. But out of this furnace of bitter experience was to come a more conservative people.

In the midst of this anxious era, during which the number of the inhabitants slowly grew less rather than more, war again stepped in to turn the minds of the people into a channel that must become the trend of all purpose, the defence of home and country. Had I the time, I could show to you that the opening gun of the Revolution was

fired in this vicinity, and the British had barely begun their retreat from Lexington before John Stark had left his mill at Amoskeag and started towards the seat of war. Every able-bodied man in Derryfield, save two, immediately joined the rush to the front. Twenty-three of her sons fought under Capt. John Moore, the Knight of Old Derryfield, and with others from this vicinity stood behind the rail fence and grass breast works on Bunker Hill, upon that memorable 17th of June, when the invading host awoke to the realization that it had no slight task on hand. They tell us not one of the men from Derryfield fell in that terrific fight, but, when the smoke of battle had cleared, it was found that ninety-six of the red-coats lay on the field, mute witnesses of their unerring skill earned in border warfare.

June 1, 1776, every man in Derryfield, able to perform military duty, save those already at the front, signed the declaration of fidelity demanded by the Committee of Safety. Not a Tory here. Those then in the army were Col. John Stark, Col. John Moore, James McCalley, Capt. Alexander McMurphy, Capt. Nathaniel Martin, Nathaniel and Benjamin Baker, Sergt. Theopholis Griffin, and Lieut. Ephraim Stevens. Stark was with his regiment on that ill-advised campaign into Canada, and was at the head of a division under Sullivan at Trenton and Princeton. As it had been at Bunker Hill, it was the men from the Merrimack valley who bore the brunt of the battle, who, more than others deserved the credit of the glory of the day. The sons of Old Derryfield were under the command of Sergt. Ephraim Stevens, and a mere handful of sixteen, following border tactics, captured sixty Hessians. General Sullivan, in reporting the results of the battle to the Committee of Safety, frankly said: "Believe me, the Yankees took Trenton before the other troops knew anything of the matter."

The crowning glory of Old Derryfield remained to be won at Bennington, when her favorite son, placing love of

country above personal wrongs, led his New Hampshire comrades to the proudest victory of that long and trying struggle for independence, a victory that brought hope to bosoms of despair, that raised permanently the standard of triumph against foreign oppression, and paved the way to freedom in America. So through all the vicissitudes of those trying years, whether at the front or amid the arduous duties at home, helping to sustain the war, Old Derryfield was never faithless to her trust. I have not the time to even mention the names of more than a trio of her heroes: Major John Webster, who was among the first in the field, among the last to lay aside his sword, was always foremost in the fray. Samuel Stark, a brother of General John Stark, who became honorably distinguished as "Uncle Sam," the first, to my knowledge, to bear the appellation since figuratively applied to the head of our government. Capt. Ephraim Webster, the boy sharpshooter of Bennington, and young scout of Old Ti, who in later years became the peace maker of the Onandagas of the Mohawk Valley, doing valiant service to the cause of the Americans, and who sleeps to-night honored by a monument raised to his memory by the Empire State.

"But after years the tale shall tell
In words of light revealed;
Who bravely fought—who nobly fell,
And many a well-earned field,
Outspread beneath the west'ring sun,
Shall live with ancient Sparta's name,
And Trenton's fight, and Bennington
Be linked with old Platea's fame."

The war over and liberty an assured fact, we find her sons quickly falling into the ranks of peaceful duties. The men who had stood shoulder to shoulder in the brunt of battle now felt less of bitterness in times of peace. Religious differences softened, and personal demands assumed more conservative ends. Comrades at last came to see that the interest of one was the common good of

COHAS BROOK

BLODGET HOUSE

all. Henceforth we see a gradual breaking down of barriers, old forms and customs changing with the new order of affairs. At the beginning of the Revolution, Derryfield had 285 inhabitants, consisting of 140 free males, 142 free females, and three slaves. At the close of its career, less than six hundreds.

Previous to December, 1775, warnings for town meetings and other public gatherings were opened with the declaration "In his Majestie's name," which was now succeeded by the new term "In the name of America." At a special town meeting, October 23, 1776, the designation "State of New Hampshire" was used for the first time, this following "Colony," which had earlier succeeded "Province." On November 20, 1776, for the first time we find, "In the name and virtue of the Younighted States of America."

During the regime of Old Derryfield, the first steps were taken towards the separation of church and state. During these years the first definite action was taken towards the establishment of schools, and on Christmas day, 1781, it was voted to hire a schoolmaster "nine months this year comeing." In 1793, classed with Litchfield, Derryfield sent its first representative to the state legislature, Major John Webster, a hero of the Revolution. In 1792, the gore of land called Henrysburgh was annexed to the town. In 1795, the first schoolhouse was built by private subscription, on the Bluffs near the Falls of Amoskeag. This building was bought by the town at a vote March 5, 1798, and two other houses were ordered to be built. A social library had already been established, the second in the state, and at last the cause of education had gained a firm foothold.

The critical historian, without looking below the surface, stops to descant upon their lack of homely virtues; delights to dwell upen their religious dissensions, their inappreciation of education; how they sought to throw protection about the slippery eel, and scorned to encourage progression; pictures to us in vivid language the brawls of

boatmen and quarrels of greedy fishermen. No doubt they were men of rough exterior, men carrying still, in their minds and hearts, the influence of conflict, the struggle of border warfare, the fury of stubborn yet honest natures. The task before them was the same as has been performed by the vanguard of civilization in all ages. Theirs to clear the forest beneath whose shade they had pitched their tent; theirs to break the root-bound sod of the primeval wilderness; theirs to meet and overcome obstacles that must have deterred less determined spirits; theirs the will and the power to build better than they knew. One generation of such men is worth more to the upbuilding of the human race than half a dozen reared in affluence and trained in idleness.

With the broadening of educational interests, industry received a marked impetus. The pioneer in this respect was the Hon. Samuel Blodget, who more than any other man foresaw the future possibilities of the power of the Merrimack. The valley of the river far up into the state, even into Vermont, if sparsely settled promised a rich harvest of trade to the centers which could draw it. Better ways of communication became a necessity. Turnpikes under the control of corporations were then the main arteries of business. Moved by slow going ox teams over these priced highways, the movement of produce and merchandise became both expensive and tedious. In this dilemma Judge Blodget saw that the Merrimack river could be made to become the great maritime road for the transportation of goods. Though a man then in his seventieth year, he entered upon the herculean task of making the river navigable. To do this the bed of the stream had not only got to be made clear, but the rapids must be surmounted. This the majority believed to be impossible. The most formidable obstruction was at the Falls of Amoskeag, and here Judge Blodget, confident of his ultimate success, began upon the morning of May 2, 1793, the mightiest task ever undertaken in this country by a single

individual at that time. Then followed fourteen years of earnest work; fourteen years of expenditure of what was, for the times, large sums of money; fourteen years of intense anxiety; fourteen years of the persecution of enemies and the faith of friends; fourteen years filled with vexatious disappointments and hardships; fourteen years, any one of which must have discouraged a less sanguine person than the stalwart projector of this great work; fourteen years of sacrifice to the upbuilding of the public good; fourteen years—and then another May morning, 1807, when the conqueror rode in triumph through the canal of his construction, amid the plaudits of a vast concourse of people who had gathered to witness this trial. At last Old Namaske had been conquered by man.

From the day of Judge Blodget's triumph, the entire history of Old Derryfield was changed. Already the first cotton mill had been erected across the river, and the hum of factory wheels was lending its subdued melody to the deeper tone of old Amoskeag. Marvelous changes were already springing into action. The old ways were banished, even as one race had been dispersed to make room for another. Old customs must yield to new; old slow moving methods to the advanced movements of progress. The songs of an idle river and the music of the mighty anthems of the forests were supplanted by the voices of their conquerors.

But it is not for me to tell this story. It belongs to another era. I have already gone beyond the limit allowed me and must close. Had I a choice, I could not ask for a more fitting climax for my remarks.

Not only did Judge Blodget spend his ample fortune in the construction of his canal, but he prepared for further improvements and upbuilding at the falls. He instructed his son, Benjamin, to build a bridge from the west bank of the Merrimack over the rapids to Amoskeag Island, noted then as a fishing resort, and in only a few years became the site of one of the pioneer cotton mills in Manchester.

He further anticipated the coming industries by purchasing a large area of land in Hooksett, having clay beds, with the idea of making brick with which to build manufactories. Nor was this dream unfulfilled, though he did not realize any profit from it. These same clay beds were later purchased by the Hon. Richard H. Ayer, and when the time came for them to be used the brick were made there that were utilized in constructing not only mills but business blocks and dwellings in the new town.

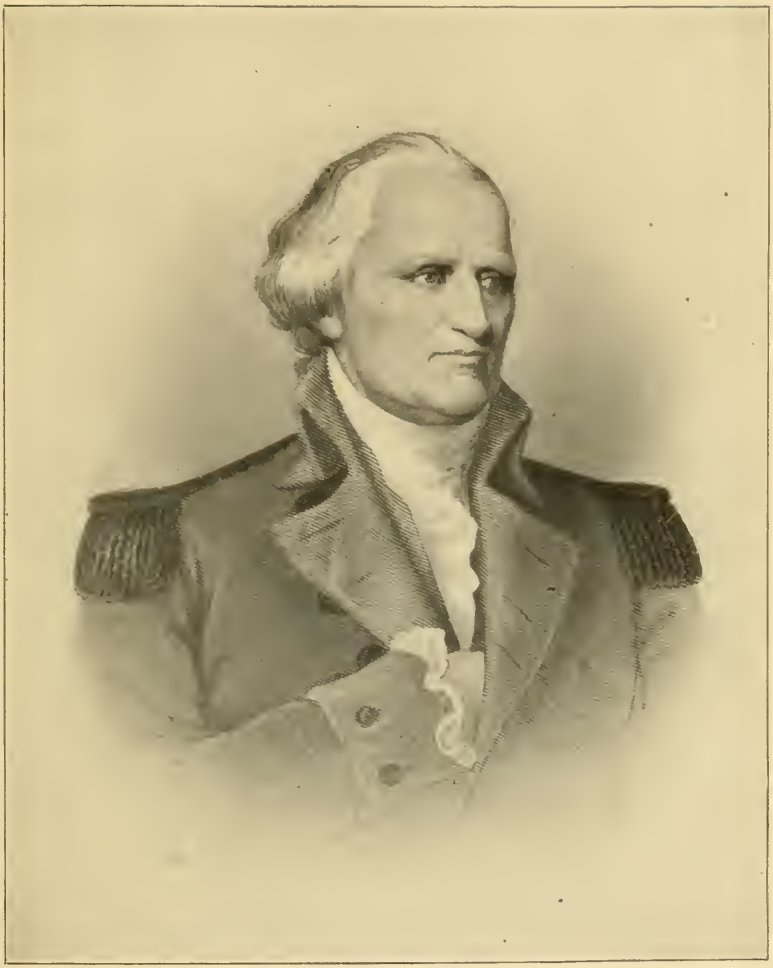
The history of Old Derryfield belongs to that of heroic days. Take from her, if you will, the glory of the years of industry that have followed, but you cannot dim the lustre of patriotism that brightens her memory. You cannot efface from her record the bravery of border wars, the heroism of the Horicon, the daring of Mount Abraham, the awakening of Bunker Hill, the spirit of Trenton, the history of Bennington, any more than you can despoil her of the glory of the conquest of Amoskeag.

The men and women of that period were typical of their times and surroundings, with the hardy courage to make the stand against the dangers of their day; with the will and the power to crush the foe that lay in wait for them; with the wisdom and the spirit to stamp these sand dunes with the seal of the coming metropolis. This was the legacy they left us, as we must leave our legacy to those who follow to-morrow.

> "Needs there be praise of the love written record,
> The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
> The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
> We, ourselves, but remembered for what we have done."

Following this address a slight change was made in the order of the program, and the pupils of the Webster-Street school gave a beautiful rendering of "The Spacious Firmament on High," from Creation.

The President then introduced Edwin F. Jones, Esq., as a well-known orator, a successful lawyer and a former schoolmate, who delivered the following oration on "Manchester; Then and Now."



Gen. JOHN STARK

Hon. SAMUEL BLODGET

MANCHESTER—THEN AND NOW

We meet here to-night to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the naming of the municipality of Manchester. The simple change of the name Derryfield to Manchester may seem a small thing to celebrate, but it marks an epoch in the life of our community and furnishes an appropriate occasion for our people to pause a bit in the daily routine of existence; to turn from the thoughts and labors of our work-a-day lives and spend a little while in contemplating the past; to consider what manner of men and women they were who have gone before us, what they did when they occupied the place where we now make our homes, and how we compare with them in purpose and achievement.

To the man who sees only the practical side of things, and to whom money getting seems the chief aim in life, such a celebration may appear trivial. But we must remember that human nature has an æsthetic side which needs developing, that there is another view of existence beside the utilitarian one. Knowledge is a good thing of itself, without regard to its practical application, and whatever adds to a man's knowledge adds to his power to carry on properly the activities of life. To increase that power is the main purpose of education, and no part of the curriculum of the schools is more important than the study of history, and the history of no part of the world is more interesting and instructive than that of the community in which one lives, and so far as such occasions as this tend to foster an interest in the growth of the home community and to increase the knowledge of the local events and people of bygone days, they justify the time and labor involved in promoting them.

I shall recur no further into the past than the single century which closes tonight. The story of Indian life at this seat of tribal government, of the bold and hardy conduct of the first settlers in the wilderness, of the deeds of

the Rangers which lend a romantic flavor to the tales of the Indian wars, of the heroic struggles of the Revolution when Derryfield sent so large a proportion of its able-bodied men to fight in the cause of liberty and popular government,—these things have no place in my remarks. My task is to try to picture the town which, one hundred years ago to-day, was re-baptized, and to draw the contrast which the present condition of the same territory affords. "Then and Now" is my theme.

On the bank of the river now known as the Irwell, in that part of England called Lancashire, the ancient Roman had a camp or "castrum" named "Mancunium." The Saxon records show that about the year 923, King Edward sent a number of his Mercian troops to repair and garrison the fortress at "Manig-ceaster." The place was mentioned in the Doomsday Book as one of four in Western Lancashire. It is known that woolen manufacturing was carried on there in the 13th century, and in the reign of Henry VI, in the year 1552, laws were passed by parliament, regulating the length of "Manchester cotton," which, notwithstanding their name, were probably woolen goods. In 1850, the cloth manufacturers of Manchester ranked among the first in England in extent and importance and its people were described as "the most industrious in the northern part of the kingdom." The inadequate supply of cotton goods, along the middle of the 18th century, stimulated efforts for increasing the means of production; and the machines successively invented by Arkwright, Hargreaves and others, furnished the means, and the efficiency of these machines was greatly heightened by the perfection of Watts' steam engine. In 1783, Manchester, with Salford on the other side of the river, which bears the same relation to old Manchester, as West Manchester now bears to this side of the Merrimack river, although it has always had a separate borough government, had a population of 39,000, mainly given over to the manufacture of cloth. This was the Manchester which Samuel

Blodget prophesied would be equalled by Old Derryfield when the power of the Amoskeag Falls was properly harnessed to the uses of the spindle and loom. In a certain sense, the prophesy has been literally fulfilled. Our Manchester is "the Manchester of America," and it is, to-day, larger and more prosperous than was the original Manchester when Judge Blodget returned from England in 1787. Our municipality has progressed farther in the last hundred years than did the English Manchester in thirteen centuries of known history.

In 1810, the Town of Derryfield consisted of that part of our present city which lies east of the Merrimack river. Amoskeag was then a part of Goffstown, and what we call West Manchester, then the little village of Piscataquog, was a part of Bedford. And it was not until 1853 that the territory west of the river was annexed to Manchester. This town of Derryfield was inhabited by a population of 615, according to the census of 1810, farmers, lumbermen, boatmen and their families. A very few persons resident here may have been working in a small mill on the Goffstown side of the river, near the falls. By the Blodget canal, it was possible to pass a boat around the falls. In this community life was prosaic and uneventful. Neither great riches nor dire poverty existed here. The people were vigorous and independent; they had to work hard to extract a living from the unwilling soil. They gave some little attention to education, maintaining schools in five school districts, but there, probably, was not a college educated man in the town; there was no doctor, lawyer or settled minister. The people were more orthodox in their belief than in their conduct. Amusements were scarce. A barn raising or husking bee brought the young folks together. Wrestling was a favorite sport and at times the friendly bouts developed into free fights. Rum, West Indian or New England, was the prime accessory at all gatherings, whether at dance or wedding or funeral. It was a democratic community where every man was as good

as his neighbor, and oftentimes, in his own opinion, a little better. It was a typical frontier settlement, in that state which follows the complete expulsion of the native savages and sees the beginnings of a real civilized existence.

The men of Derryfield were a homogeneous lot. They were the first or second generation following the hardy settlers who made New Hampshire, who, with wives and children, pushed out into the wilderness, climbed the lofty hills and dotted their slopes with happy homes, and, by their industry planted the fair valleys of the Merrimack and Connecticut, and builded here a commonwealth where freedom dwelt; where they could worship God after the dictates of their own consciences and were asked to call no man master. The fathers of the men of Derryfield—and some of them as well,—had assisted prominently in overthrowing kingly rule in America, to the end that the rule of the people might have full sway. In the town meeting, all local matters were argued and decided, and Derryfield had an equal opportunity with Litchfield to be represented every other year in the legislature of the state.

If would appear that there were but two facts which made our old town at all notable. One was Amoskeag Falls, with their fisheries and possibilities; the other was that General John Stark still lived and had his home here. The old hero, after his eminent services in the Revolution, refused public office except in his town, devoted his time to farming and to his lumbering interests, accumulated a comfortable property, and, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, was enjoying a happy and serene old age.

At the Derryfield town meeting, held March 13, 1810, the following vote was passed: "Voted Thomas Stickney, John G. Moore & Amos Weston be a Committee to petition the General Court to have the name of the Town of Derryfield altered to that of Manchester." Thomas Stickney was the grandson of Judge Samuel Blodget, who in his lifetime had been the most active inhabitant of the territory now known as Manchester, in the developing of its

OLD CITY HALL.

resources and establishing industries. Judge Blodget lived both in Amoskeag and on this side of the river. He spent his fortune, which for the time was quite considerable, on his project for a boat canal around Amoskeag Falls and had died a few years before, still full of hope for the future of his enterprise and seeing with accurate eye the opportunities for a larger community where then existed a few sandy farms, a goodly lot of pine forests and a most excellent fishing place. He was the pioneer in the industrial and business life of Manchester, and greater recognition should be accorded his achievements and influence than they have yet received from the people of the city whose godfather he was. Amos Weston was, I believe, the grandfather of the late Governor James A. Weston, and John G. Moor was a leading member of a family which was very prominent in the early days, with numerous descendants still living here.

The petition of the town was duly presented to the legislature, and on June 13, 1810, John Langdon, as governor, affixed his signature to an engrossed bill, reading as follows:

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ten

An Act to Alter the Name of the Town of Derryfield in the County of Hillsborough, in said State to the Name of Manchester.

WHEREAS the inhabitants of the town of Derryfield in the County of Hillsborough, have petitioned this legislature to have the name of said town altered to that of Manchester; therefore,

Be it Enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:

That said town of Derryfield shall forever hereafter be called and known by the name of Manchester, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

On this bill are the following endorsements, showing the rapid progress of the bill:

In the House of Representatives, June 13th, 1810.

The foregoing bill having had three several readings passed to be enacted.

Sent up for concurrence.

(Signed) CHARLES CUTTS, Speaker.

In the Senate June 12th, 1810.

This bill having been read a third time was enacted.

(Signed) WILLIAM PLUMMER, President.

Goodly signatures were those on this name certificate of Manchester. Charles Cutts, a Harvard graduate, lawyer, twice United States senator to fill vacancies, and serving eleven years as secretary of the federal senate. William Plummer, liberally educated, lawyer, speaker of the state house of representatives, governor four times, United States senator, and the one presidential elector in 1820 who refused to cast his vote for James Monroe, on the ground that no man but Washington ought to be honored by receiving the unanimous vote of the electoral college as president.

And John Langdon, merchant, patriot, member of the Continental Congress, member of the convention that framed the National Constitution, president of the state under the first constitution and governor several times under the amended one, United States senator and first president *pro tem* of the senate, offered the post of secretary of the navy in 1811 and the nomination for vice-president on the ticket with Madison in 1812, but declining both these honors.

But those official sponsors, could they gaze on our city at the close of one hundred years since they signed that act, might well say that the name then given was truly prophetic and that no ironical criticism of the choice of names can justly be made.

Let us look a little at this newly christened town of Manchester. There were 113 resident and 17 non-resident tax payers carried on the tax list of 1810. The largest tax paid was by Isaac Huse, and his tax was $16.30. Besides

the farms, horses, cattle, timber land and one or two small grist and saw mills, $1,350 money at interest were mentioned in the inventory, of which $700 belonged to General Stark, the rest being divided among three other men, who, with the general, I suppose, were the local representatives of the wealthy bond holding class of the day.

Five chaises were owned in town, three valued at $100 apiece, one at $80, while General Stark was charged with one at $50. The appropriation to pay all town charges was $75. The same sum was appropriated to pay for preaching. There was a meeting house but no church or regular preacher, and at town meeting there was an article in the warrant to see if the town would pay Enos Webster for boarding Mr. Pickles when the latter was preaching in town, but the article was dismissed. Seventy-five dollars a year without refreshments seems to be the value placed on preaching. There was about one liquor license for each one hundred of population, and each poll tax payer was assessed $1.50 to pay for the repair of highways, of which there were enough to call for the election, if not the services, of eight highway surveyors. The town clerk was voted $5 for one year's service, and the three outgoing selectmen were paid respectively $13.75, $12.25 and $10.25 for their time and services the last year.

Fishwards seem to have been important officers, seven being chosen. Three corders of wood, six surveyors of lumber, a culler of stones were chosen. A sealer of weights and measures was elected, and the town was so extravagant as to vote that "a chest be purchased at the expense of the town to put the weights and measures in." The selectmen were voted fence viewers and overseers of the poor. A town clerk, a treasurer and one constable were elected, and the collection of taxes was "vendued to the lowest bidder." This seems a frugal and economical municipal government. The warrant contained an article "to see if the Town will provide any support for" a certain man. "he being old and unable to care for himself," but the

meeting voted to dismiss the article. Judged by this vote, it might not be unfair to call the town something "nearer" the truth than economical, but loyalty to the old community bids us to be careful in our choice of adjectives.

In examining old records and studying the history of former times, one is forcibly struck by the proofs that human nature is a good deal the same from one generation to another, and that men's motives and actions are very similar in similar circumstances, though in widely different times and places. We hear a good deal nowadays about ring rule, boss control, one-man power and such like in political affairs, and we are told that the country ought to return to the practices of the early days of the republic when the people were under no dictation, but, as it were, spontaneously acted without suggestion or direction. But I am fearful that the town meeting held in Derryfield in 1810 would not bring much comfort to those who would seek an example of disinterested leadership and altruistic political management. The records show an example of political cohesiveness and co-operation on the part of the leaders of the town that, to-day, would call forth the loudest denunciations from those who did not happen to be of the elect.

At that meeting, Thomas Stickney was chosen selectman and a member of the committee to petition the legislature for a change of the name of the town. John G. Moor was elected town treasurer of highways, surveyor of lumber, fish ward, and a member of the legislative committee. Isaac Huse was elected selectman, highway surveyor, sealer of weights and measures, and hogreeve when there was something for that official to do. Samuel Moor, Jr., was chosen selectman, town clerk and surveyor of lumber, and Messrs. Stickney, Huse and Samuel Moor, Jr., were *ex-officio* fence viewers and overseers of the poor. For years before and after 1810, the records show a similar centering of official control in a block of a few men.

The historian calls these men leading citizens, and

LAKE MASSABESIC, LOOKING WESTWARD FROM THE AUBURN SHORE

From a Rare Painting by Col. John B. Bachelder

FIREMEN'S MUSTER, 1859

proves it by the records. Is it possible that what was leadership then would be ring rule or bossism now? Or is it true that "bossism" is simply one way of describing long and successful leadership in political matters, and a "ring" merely another term for a number of leaders acting together for a common purpose? As we study the past, we are apt to grow more lenient in our estimate of the men and measures of the present and to be more charitable in our opinions and criticisms, for this reason, if no other, the study of history ought to be encouraged.

In 1810, the Democratic-Republican candidate for governor received 41 votes to 37 for his Federalist opponent, with one scattering.

For nearly thirty years after it received its new name, no great changes took place in the town. In 1820, the census showed a population of 761; and in 1830, 887; and in 1840, 3,325, and most of the last increase was made in the two years immediately preceding the last-named census taking. The War of 1812 made but little impression on the town except to cast it into the slough of hard times, which prevailed all through New England. It was not a popular war hereabout, and few enlistments were made except enough to fill the quota of the town under the president's call for troops. The number and personnel of those who did serve is not accurately known, but in 1816 it was "voted to make up ten dollars per month" to the drafted soldiers.

In 1815, the legislature granted the town the privilege of choosing a representative without the assistance of Litchfield and, in 1816, Isaac Huse, who was still selectman and highway surveyor, was elected the first representative of Manchester in the general court. In 1814, the navigation of the Merrimack River was fully opened, and the first boat came through. The river became a considerable water highway, whose traffic, though it was impaired by the opening of the Concord Railroad in 1842, continued in bulky articles nearly a score of years thereafter. For many years the care of the pound called for

considerable attention, and the boarding of the town paupers was auctioned off to the lowest bidder.

After 1810, religious matters received but little attention from the town meeting. At the annual meeting in 1814, it was voted not to raise any money for the support of preaching, and nothing more was done till 1827, when additional emphasis was given to the refusal to spend public money for religious exercises, when it was decided not to allow certain money coming from the sale of "ministerial land," to go towards the support of a minister. This was recognized by those who desired a town supported church as their Waterloo. In 1828, a Presbyterian Church Society was organized at Manchester Center, which afterwards united with the Congregational Society of Amoskeag, and in 1839 the two became the First Congregational Church of Manchester. No church edifice was built by these church societies until 1840, when the first church on Hanover street was constructed, standing where the Opera House block now is. A Methodist Episcopal church was formed and a building was erected, in 1829, at the Centre, a few rods south of the old meeting house, and this seems to have been the first building in Manchester erected exclusively for religious purposes. Universalist and Baptist societies held servies in Amoskeag some years before 1840, but they met in a hall, and not till after that date were church buildings erected.

From 1821 to 1826, a controversy long drawn out and bitterly contested by Manchester's people existed over the building of the Mammoth road as the more direct stage route from Concord to Lowell. Only one man in Manchester favored it, and he is said to have kept a tavern or been in the position to keep one on the line of the road. Finally the court ordered it built, and Manchester reluctantly, but obediently, constructed the part within the town limits. But it was not built soon enough to make it worth while. If built when it was originally planned, it might have paid for itself in its use, but coming so late, it

had but few years of coaching before the newly constructed railroad changed all lines and methods of travel.

In 1822, General Stark, the most noted man then resident in New Hampshire, was gathered to his fathers. He sleeps in the little burying ground in the attractive park bearing his name, which, by the gift of his descendants, has become the property of the city. The plain granite shaft, markings the spot, is visible from the passing trains, but very few of the travelers realize that this is the monument of one who, in the darkest hours of the patriots' struggle, led his New Hampshire regiment to Vermont, and at Bennington broke the power of Burgoyne's army and contributed so largely to the final triumph of America's cause. This hero of the Indian War, the survivor of Bunker Hill and Trenton, deserves better treatment. Let us hope that sometime the Nation will provide above his grave a more fitting memorial, and if the Nation will not then the State ought to do so.

In 1824, the town showed its lack of appreciation of its own political importance when it voted, 90 to 0, to make Amherst the county seat of Hillsborough county, and it displayed its customary frugality, in 1836, by voting, 67 against 15, against the establishment of a state asylum for the insane. In 1836, the old meeting house at the Centre was repaired at the expense of $500 and was divided into two stories, the upper story for a school-room and the lower one for a town hall.

So much for a general view of thirty years from 1810 to 1840. If nothing more than I have narrated had happened, Manchester, to-day, might be like Bedford or Litchfield or Merrimack. But Manchester had a resource not vouchsafed to any other town. Amoskeag Falls were her one big asset, and the development of their power is the reason for the city.

The project of manufacturing cloth near Amoskeag Falls was started in 1809, by Benjamin Prichard and Ephraim, David and Robert Stevens, and in 1810 they

formed a company under the name "Amoskeag Cotton & Wool Factory." They had a small mill on the west bank of the river in Amoskeag. They had little capital or machinery and their output was diminutive.

After September, 1815, little was done in the manufacturing line until 1822, when there was a sale to other parties, who were unsuccessful, and finally, in 1825, Dr. Oliver Dean and his associates got control of the property They constructed and operated mills on the west bank and on the island in the river and made sheetings, shirtings and tickings, and the last became quite famous under the name "A C A Ticking," still a valuable trademark.

In 1831, the present Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, of which Dr. Dean was the first president and agent, was chartered with a capital of $1,000,000, a large sum for those days—for the purpose of taking over the old company, developing water power, acquiring and selling land, selling sites and power to other manufacturing concerns, building and operating mills of its own, and so bringing about the growth of a flourishing manufacturing town worthy the name it had been given. By 1835, the company had acquired the power rights at Amoskeag Falls, at Hooksett and Garvin's Falls, most of the land on the east bank and quite a large tract on the west bank.

It built a dam and canals; built and sold a mill and boarding houses to the Stark Mills, newly organized; built two mills and other buildings of its own, and in 1838 and 1839 had its first two land sales, following the plan it had prepared, in accordance with which so much of our city has been built up. From this time on, the future was assured. Mill followed mill in the Amoskeag and Stark yards; then the Manchester Mills; the Langdon and Amory came in due course. Where a few farms and pine lands had lain almost in solitude, a town grew up as by miracle. In six years, following 1840, seven thousand people flocked here to find work and homes. The management of town affairs was taken over by the men of the

MANCHESTER IN 1855

"New Village," in 1840, after a bitter fight in town meeting with the old inhabitants. A town hall was built, in 1841, on the site of the present city hall, and town meeting was held there in 1842. The building was burned in 1844, and in 1845 another town hall, the historic structure in which we are holding these exercises, was erected at a cost of $35,000.

In 1846, the town became a city, and its history since then is too well known to need extended comment now. Fourteen years ago, a whole week was given over to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the city charter. Eloquent words in prose and poetry, uttered by men who, by their own experience or from tradition or record, were qualified to describe the events of the half century, made known to all the story of the city's life, and they have been published and bound in lasting form. During those fifty years, the city grew and prospered. Its manufactures increased and became more diversified, churches and schoolhouses were numerously constructed, the city became a county seat, the river was spanned by bridges, parks and commons were beautified a bountiful water supply was acquired, police and fire protection were amply provided, and it was fitting that our people should celebrate as they did their civil, industrial and social advancement. And they had the right to be proud, as we are all proud, of the record made in the days when rebellion was trying to destroy the republic and Manchester sent more than one in every ten of its people to battle for freedom and for Union. There were tears in Manchester following every battle during those awful days. Almost every great battlefield was reddened with the blood of Manchester men. The spirit of Stark animated the boys of '61, and a grateful city erected to the memory of those who gave their services on land and sea the beautiful monument which we hope will teach to future generations the full meaning of the loyalty and victory of the heroic dead.

Since 1896, little of startling note has transpired. The growth of the city has continued its even way. On the west bank of the river has grown up a population nearly twice that of the whole city in 1846. More and better mills have been built. The figures showing the output of cloth by the Amoskeag Company are overwhelming. Over 100,000 miles of cotton and woolen cloth, besides nearly 2,000,000 bags. The shoe manufacturing industry has become so established that Manchester stands among the leading cities of the country in that line of business. No pestilence or great calamity has been experienced. Though the annals of the last fourteen years have been uneventful, they have been years of progress and prosperity. When in 1898, in the cause of an outraged humanity, the United States went to war with Spain, the quota of Manchester in the troops called for in New Hampshire was filled and the Sheridan Guards marched away, ready to do and dare all that mightconfront them. Happily, the war was short; no great sacrifice was demanded. But the spirit of 1898 was the same as that of other days. It proved that martial valor and patriotic fervor still exist among the American people and that we may rest assured that, whenever duty shall call in the name of a periled country, the sublimest effort and most daring sacrifice will be forthcoming.

Thus much of the "Then." What of the "Now"?

We may safely hazard the guess that our present population is not far below 70,000, a cosmopolitan population, and, speaking generally, industrious, law abiding and decent. Large crime is and always has been rare in Manchester. Murder and riot have been so exceptional that the Parker murder and the Firemen's Muster riot stand out with unique significance. There is abundant church room for all, and no child goes untaught for lack of proper school facilities. A varied library of nearly 60,000 volumes is extensively patronized by our people. Many miles of streets are bordered with homes, owned by the occupants.

The relations between employer and employee, in our manufacturing establishments, are generally good. Wages are as high as in any similar manufacturing center. Strikes and other labor troubles have been scarce in our city. Taxation is not excessively high, and few cities anywhere can point to a better financial condition than that of Manchester. The water works alone are worth the whole city debt, and those who have been in charge of our municipal affairs should receive the credit due them for keeping the debt within such reasonable limits. The death rate here is low, and the birth rate in some streets is high enough to gladden the heart of a Roosevelt. All in all, Manchester is a good place to live in, a good place in which to have one's home, and for him who has finished his work and left his earthly home, the Valley cemetery or the Pine Grove affords a beautiful place for the last long sleep.

The former citizens of Manchester did their work well. The present generation can find enough to do to satisfy the present needs of the city. We need better and cleaner streets and smoother sidewalks. We need a decent theatre. We need several assembly halls on the ground floors, with ample means of exit. We badly need a new, large and better library building.

We need to realize the fact that our industrial situation is a peculiar one. We have few employers but many employees, and the welfare of the whole community is dependent on the success of a very few great business enterprises. Whatever is advantageous for those enterprises is advantageous for the whole city. If they are successful, the city is prosperous. They bear a large part of the expenses of the city and, naturally, desire an efficient and economical administration of municipal affairs and are entitled to a proper influence therein. We need to cultivate and maintain the most friendly relations between those enterprises and the city, for they cannot be hurt or crippled without injury to us all. They should bear their just share of the public burden, and they and the citizens

at large should harmoniously and cordially work together for the common good.

We need, also, a keener sense of civic pride—a pride that will promote a high toned and intelligent public opinion and induce each citizen, honestly and to the best of his ability to discharge his duty to the city. With such a public opinion and such citizenship, the second century of Manchester life will be brighter than the first, and the work of the sons will outrival the accomplishments of the fathers.

At the close of the oration by Mr. Jones, Mrs. Nellie M. Browne read a poem, written by her for the occasion.

A TRIBUTE TO THIS DAY

BY NELLIE M. BROWNE

"'Tis sweet to be remembered," and does it not mean more to us than tablets of stone or costly marble?

"Remember me" was repeated hundreds of years ago and, though handed down to us through the long vista of years, it has lost none of its significance; rather added fresh laurels unto itself until to-day we are bound together in one unbroken wreath representing the bond of common humanity.

It has been truly said that the patriotism of a people is measured largely by the respect they show their ancestors. The fabric of Manchester was given to you and yours; you have fashioned a splendid garment.

A hundred years to Manchester's glory;
A hundred years to Manchester's gain;
You have already heard this wonderful story;
I leave it for others to sing the refrain.

So I come not to-night with song or legend—
You have all conned them o'er and o'er;
I have but a simple tribute to bring you—
A fleeting fancy of the days of yore.

KENNARD RUINS

The memories of the golden past—
The friends we used to meet and know—
The old log house—we can see it yet—
That used to stand here in the long ago.

One hundred years our bark's been launched,
On the River of Time, and still alway,
If rough the waters, the course is clear,
And skies grow brighter day by day.

Though the frost of time, which never melts,
Has touched with care full many a brow,
Yet young of heart they seem to be,
And loyal ones are left to us now.

* * * * * *

We have kept the faith! a sacred trust,
And have paused along life's way,
Just to leave a little message on the sand;
It may prove a help to others,
Who some day will pass this way—
They will read it and will understand.

* * * * * *

And when all shall be called home,
And the sun sinks low in the west,
WE shall know we did our duty—
THEY will know we did our best.

Following Mrs. Browne's poem, Harland Davis, the boy soprano of Manchester High school, sang "The Hymns of the Old Church Choir," and responded to an encore with a typical New Hampshire folk song. He was accompanied on the piano by his sister, Miss Nellie Davis.

The President then introduced the Rev. William H. Morrison of Nashua, a former pastor of one of Manchester's churches for several years, and a person who has retained his interest in our city.

In opening his address, Mr. Morrison expressed a deep interest in the entertainment,—deemed it an honor and a privilege to speak before such an audience, and believed

that the people would look back on the centennial anniversary of the naming of Manchester with pride, and forward to the next hundredth anniversary with hopeful anticipations.

The topic of his address was "The Ideal City," of which the following is an outline:

THE IDEAL CITY

What are some of the things that go to make up the ideal city?

First. It is a city of homes. You can't make an ideal city out of boarding houses and flats. The life of a home must be strong in such a city. The Good Book says it is not good for man to be alone, and that is true. Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, must be one of the divinities of that city. Men work for home, men fight for home. Be it ever so humble there is no place like it. Husband, wife, children, make up a holy trinity which the ideal city must have.

Second. It is a city that is at work. An idle brain is the devil's workshop. It is just so with an idle city.

Ask any man who has ever lived, who has made a success in life, how he did it, and he will give a good part of the credit to work. There are two kinds of slums in every city: There is the slum in the hovel, and the slum in the palace. And in one respect they are alike. The people who live in both are loafers. They have nothing to do but hatch up deviltry. Fill the city with industry, and you do away with the slums of both kinds.

Third. It is a city that is clean.

Now that word clean can have several meanings. I will give it two. Clean and *well-kept streets and parks*, with the neat and trig appearance of the home that is taken care of by the good housekeeper. Streets free from the temptations and pitfalls that curse every city of our

land to-day. Where night or day your wife or mine can go anywhere without fear of insult or harm, and where the children will never meet that which will lead them into wrong.

Fourth. It is a city with ideal schools.

Schools above politics. Controlled by no church. Actuated by just one aim—to mind their own business of giving every scholar just the best education possible for the money. One of the foundation stones of our nation is the common school, and you might just as well try to pluck up Mt. Washington by the roots and throw it into Winnipesaukee as to take it from this land. It does a work that nothing else can do, and it certainly has its part to play in building up the ideal city.

Fifth. It is a city that cares for the poor and the weak.

As long as men and women exist, there will be those who can accumulate and those who can't; those who are strong and those who are weak. Now the mischief from this condition of things comes from the way in which these classes treat each other.

When men recognize the fact that with riches and power come responsibilities which they should meet and assume, you have the ideal city so far as they are concerned.

Sixth. It is a city where every man and woman who can read and write goes to the caucus and the polls.

It was when *they slumbered and slept* that the tares were sown by the enemy. The boss can rule and the ring can work if few vote. When the many walk up and do their duty, there is plenty of dynamite to blow the boss and the ring into the air. In the ideal city, suffrage will not depend on sex or money or color or race, but on brains.

Seventh. It is a city that goes to church.

Friends, what is the special work of the church? Not "ists" nor "isms," but to fill this world with the disposition and the courage to do right. I say this is the special work of the church. It is, and it is the only institution that does this work. Our Lord and Master was the embodiment of these two things: He wanted to do right, and he dared to do right. The ideal city goes to church. It takes these two things that the church stands for, and weaves them into the *warp of its civic life.* That is what, more than anything else, makes it the ideal city.

O friends, this is the mark that I hold up before Manchester this evening. With your splendid water power, with your mills, with your shops, you have a claim to the title of the Queen City of the Granite State. As the new days come and go, it is my hope, my prayer, that you may so use your blessings that every year will bring your city nearer and nearer to that other city that hath foundation whose builder and maker is God.

At the close of Mr. Morrison's eloquent address, an expression of thanks was given him by a rising vote, and while the pianist played the crowd dispersed, feeling that the event in every particular was an entire success, reflecting great credit upon the Historic Association.